

## HOME FOLKS ABROAD

### Our Townsman Mr. Henry Weil Writes Again of His Travels.

Two Letters Received at Once Tell Interestingly and Instructively of What He is Seeing on His Tour Towards Jerusalem.

On Board Grosser Kurfurst, March 9, 1909.

Dear "Joe Argus":

One would suppose that traveling on the ocean would give anyone an abundance of spare time for letter writing, but as a matter of fact there is always something going on aboard ship to attract one's attention, and there is something indescribable—you may, perhaps, call it by the name of laziness—to keep you from it. But I promised myself to give you a synopsis of our trip unless I find it too burdensome. We have been here now two days doing up Constantinople quite industriously, and have only one more day here, but I shall refer to this city later, and will now take up our journey in sequences.

We left Funchall, Madeira, on the evening of February 19 for Gibraltar, where we arrived Sunday morning. The carriages were in waiting on our arrival, and we proceeded at once to round up the town and up the rock by a graduated road as far as we were allowed to go. By a recent order of the commander no visitors are allowed to view the fortifications, and I was rather disappointed, as we were told that we at least could view the lower galleries.

The near approach to Gibraltar is a most impressive sight. From a distance it does not seem so formidable, but looks so as one sees the picture of the Prudential advertisement. However, when you get close to it the rock seems to expand and rise. The average height is 1,400 feet and its length about three miles, and it is seven miles in circumference. The rock is honeycombed with galleries and tunnels and has batteries at various heights to the very top and though I don't think that the guns from the rock command the entire entrance to the Mediterranean, as Centa, the other pillar of Hercules on the African shore, is too far to be reached by them. The English have recently made great improvements here. They have built fine drydocks that would take care of four war vessels at one time. They have also recently completed a fine harbor at a cost of over twenty million dollars. We found seven of their peace makers at anchor. The town is at the foot of the rock, though within the lower line of fortifications, and comprises a population of 27,000. There is nothing very striking about the town, the main population are English, though you see quite a number of Moors here, and occasionally a genuine negro. As it was Sunday, all the shops were closed, therefore we could not see much in this line. The streets are macadam and good sanitary conditions prevail. This cannot be said of the Spanish town, Lania, across the border. Being inquisitive about how it looks I took a drive there. After leaving the Rock we drove through neutral territory, a strip of sandy land about half a mile wide. A fence on each side of the neutral strip divides the English from the Spanish territory.

On entering the Spanish town the contrast is great. The streets are filthy, as well as the hovels of houses. They had some kind of feast and the streets were crowded with masqueraders. The drinking saloons and shops were open. Our guide cautioned us not to approach too closely, "insult ladies and picka poka." We were really glad to beat a retreat to our boat.

We leave Gibraltar at 6 p. m. Sunday and arrive at Algiers Tuesday morning. It was a bright pleasant surprise. The harbor, as of most of the Mediterranean towns, forms a semi-circle; the town is terraced to the mountain top. The dazzling white buildings and emerald hills in the background blending with the purplish haze and azure sea together make a picture long to be remembered. There are many fine avenues of trees in modern Algiers and palms, orange, date and pepper trees are everywhere in evidence. At the upper end from the French quarter are beautiful villas and fine modern hotels, visited as a winter resort by wealthy English, French, Russian and some sprinkling of Germans and Americans. The city is composed of two distinct parts, of which the lower French Algiers is as gay and modern as Paris, fronted by boulevard Republique, lined with handsome and attractive shops.

A startling contrast to the French district is the Arab Algiers, which rises to the west of the barracks and forts. The houses with their barred tiny windows, narrow streets inaccessible to vehicles, winding, terraced walks between where the upper stories almost meet. Here you encounter the different tribes of Arabs in their everyday life as they cook, eat, sleep, market, pray, loaf; but it seems that the biggest majority do the last. We are continuously reminded by our guides to keep close together and keep a careful watch on our valuables.

These people, who are mostly the descendants of the famous pirates that were such a terror to the European nations, as well as to our own country, seem to be perfectly subdued, and there is very little danger now to go through their quarter, even unattended. The quarter is by far the most interesting for us, though it is anything else but clean and fragrant. It is the Orient in all its primitive conditions of a thousand years ago. The women, as is the custom in the East, all go on the streets closely veiled with an opening at their eyes—all that is visible of their face.

The quarter, however, is fast disappearing, as several hundred houses a year have been destroyed recently. When the whole will be a modern French city. Of the population of 140,000 probably two thirds are Europeans.

One of the interesting sights is the Jardin d'Essai, which borders on the Mediterranean. In it you find all tropical and subtropical plants. Here you find an abundance of rubber trees of immense growth, which form a shaded avenue. Here I saw for the first time a beautiful long avenue of palms in luxurious growth, materially differing from those we find in Florida.

Our caravan of some sixty carriages are now returning to the wharf, having spent all day sight-seeing excepting long enough for taking our lunch, and the verdict is that the day has been very pleasantly spent.

I will probably write you another letter after visiting other points on the Mediterranean.

Yours very truly,

HENRY WEIL.

Aboard Grosser Kurfurst, March 21, 1909.

My dear "Joe Argus":

We left Algiers on the evening of Tuesday, February 23, and arrived at Genoa on Thursday, the 25th. We experienced quite a change in the climate; from a balmy summer atmosphere we encountered cold, wintry weather as we approached Genoa; the wind was blowing at a high speed, and very penetrating. It took us nearly two hours to make a landing.

Most of our passengers stayed on board except those who got off for the continent of Europe, of whom there were quite a number, but we recruited our passenger list probably to the extent of our losses. The new contingent were mostly Germans, and some French. They are a swell lot of people.

I thought we had more titled people in America in the military line than almost any nation. A foreigner coming in contact with so many captains, colonels and generals would surely take us for a warlike people, and to look at the new contingent one would imagine that the civil titles of our foreign friends would indicate a nation of nobility and municipal officers. They surely outshine our American contingent; they never appear for dinner except in evening costume, and there is not very much mixing between the two nationalities.

Having been in Genoa before, but having missed the most noteworthy sight here, I proceeded with some of our party to the "Lauto Campo." This is the cemetery and a visit there will surely repay any one, though he should chance to go as we did, in a snowstorm.

This cemetery is a series of archways covering a hollow square with a beautiful chapel in the center of one of the arcades. These arcades are probably 20 or 25 feet wide and are lined on both sides with tombs, most of which are magnificently sculptured. Generally the figure of the deceased is reproduced in life size and in very many instances the death scene with the entire family group is reproduced. The sculptures are wonderful and undoubtedly were produced by the best Italian talent.

Our boat only stopped six hours at Genoa and we were not sorry. Our trip was intended for a sunny climate and we did not expect to encounter the coldest winter weather.

We arrived on Saturday morning at Valetta, in the Island of Malta, some 600 miles south of Genoa. Here we find the weather more to our liking—an ideal, sunny day, and we had no use for overcoats.

Our visit to Malta was a most agreeable one, in fact a delightful surprise, as we expected to see little but fortifications.

As a fortress Malta is considered quite as formidable as Gibraltar, and far more useful, as it forms a central link in the chain that unites England to her Eastern possessions. The fortifications are very impressive, and one of the finest and deepest harbors on the Mediterranean. Here we saw about seven of England's peace makers at anchor. This island is about 17 miles long and 8 miles wide, and is practically a solid rock. Yet this is covered at many places with rich soil which produces two or three crops a year.

The city of Valetta has about 80,000 inhabitants, probably one-third English, and the remainder are mixed, but considered mostly a distinct individual race, and are still proud of being Maltesians, though no doubt they have degenerated greatly since they bore the title of the Knights of Malta, and freed the Mediterranean from the hordes of pirates that invested it.

The places of interest on the island are the Church of St. John, with the chapel of St. Carlo, the governor's palace and the Church of the Monks.

The Church of St. John is the most conspicuous object in Malta; in fact, one of the most remarkable in Europe. Its floors are slabs of inland and deco-

rated marble tablets, to cover the tombs of the knightly heroes, each represented by his crest. Yet I saw none of them older than the 17th century. The interior is perhaps over-decorated. The alleged right hand of John the Baptist, encased in a glove of gold with a great diamond on the finger, was here when Napoleon took the island. He took the ring and put it on his own finger. The handsome altar rail of solid silver escaped him, however, as one of the monks was smart enough to paint it over with black paint, therefore the famous railing still adorns one of the altars of the chapel.

The governor's palace is quite an impressive building, surmounted by a unique clock, the hours and quarters being struck by huge negroes with sledgehammers, probably copied from St. Mark's at Venice. The armory hall contains quite a large assortment of ancient armour. Judging from their size, the ancient Knights of St. John were not the formidable giants one is led to believe, but rather undersized men.

We were, perhaps, a few days late in coming here, as we might have witnessed a grand ball given by the Duke of Connaught, the commander of the post, which was participated in by 1,000 guests.

The Church of Monks is quite a feature. Here the skeletons of some 1,600 monks which decorate the walls in an artistic way. The skulls are in squares of about 160 each, decorated with the other bones until the entire chapel is quite artistically decorated. Yet many of our company did not care to see this sight. Authorities claim that on this island St. Paul was shipwrecked and a chapel is built and also a tower called St. Paul's tower.

The business is largely in the hands of Englishmen, and the shops, though not very extensive, are modern, except in the Arabic quarter, and it is quite a relief to see a one-price system used in the English shops. The garrison consists of about the same as Gibraltar, but the police are mostly native. We left this delightful town with regrets, having spent but about ten hours here, though every hour was good and full.

We will next visit the classic city of Athens. More anon.

Yours very truly,

HENRY WEIL.

#### PLANT CORN.

Wayne County Farmers Now Know the Truth.

Through the splendid seed-corn demonstration held in this city last week, so largely attended by Wayne county farmers and so instructive, the farmers now know the truth about corn and cotton—and "Ye shall know the truth and the truth will make you free."

For many years the Southern farmer has been deluded into the belief that "cotton is king." He has heard the high-sounding phrase until he believed it and subordinated everything else to the sovereign which he gave his allegiance to. Other crops on the farm might be subjected to his will but cotton was king and ruled him to his injury. From the time the tiny shoot showed its tender leaves to the light he watched over his cotton crop as though it was a child. A slight frost caused his hopes to lower and the absence of just the right season for the welfare of the plant made him believe that the country was on the verge of ruin. And did his care, attention and devotion receive its just reward? Never. When a good crop of cotton was made the price was low for the manipulators of the market then declared that the supply exceeded the demand and when the crop was short there was always a cry from these same manipulators of "low grade." The man who is wedded to king cotton to the exclusion of corn is a man always in debt and chasing a phantom which he will never reach. Corn is the real king. It makes prosperous states and independent farmers. With an abundance of corn the farmer is king, for then he can hold cotton until the price is profitable. Plenty of corn will make cotton king, but without it cotton occupies but a very lowly position.

With every farmer in Wayne county giving the same attention this year to corn as he has in the past been giving to cotton the end of the harvest will find our farmers out of debt and independent of outside aid.

Corn is the real king of the farm. With it the farmer can live at home and be happy and contented. Without it he is in debt and miserable. Let corn be your king and a full corn crib your ambition.

#### Mr. S. W. Hancock Dead.

The announcement of the death yesterday of Mr. Seymour W. Hancock was not entirely unexpected, though it came as a shock to many, and caused sorrow among his friends. For some time his health had been poor, and during the past month he had been confined to his home.

Mr. Hancock was born in Raleigh, married Miss Rosa Jordan, of Washington, N. C., and in Washington and New Bern spent most of his life, being forty years of age at the time of his death. He was a lawyer by profession, but being appointed postmaster of New Bern, had taken his time for the past eleven years, which position he held at the time of his death.—New Bern Journal, April 4.

Forty-one counties in Indiana dry, Arkansas and Florida going dry, Illinois going dry fast. We go forward.

#### THE COTTON SITUATION.

J. E. Latham Says Conditions Point to Better Times and Higher Prices.

Greensboro, N. C., April 3.—Since I last wrote the cotton market has been dull, with a tendency toward lower prices, until the recent past activity has developed with a rising tendency, in both spots and futures. Conditions are changing because the English spinners failed to agree on short time, and this indicates the large consumption of cotton, even granting that the mills may be without profit.

The trade reports from Germany, and also this country, are somewhat more cheerful. Again the cotton producing region is confronted with abnormally high prices for mules, also foodstuffs of every description. It is reasoned, therefore, that there will be a reduction on the acreage of cotton, and an increased effort to grow food. Again the drought in Texas continues, and should rains not come shortly the situation there will really be serious.

Finally cotton is selling at a relatively very low price, and the risk in owning it at present cannot be very great to those who have money to invest conservatively, and patience to await better times.

The settlement of the tariff issue is not far ahead, and the country is going out of, and not into, a panic.

J. E. LATHAM.

#### Won't Increase Cotton Seed Oil Duty.

Washington, D. C., April 1.—The Greek government has withdrawn a bill introduced in the parliament imposing an increase in duty on cotton seed oil, says a dispatch from Athens received by the State Department today. This increase had been regarded as of sufficient importance by the United States, which is a large exporter of such products to Greece, to take up and discuss the subject with the foreign office at Athens.

#### STRAYED—From my farm on the

Newsome Place in Saulston township, 2 hogs, one black male hog, weight about 75 or 80 pounds; the other white and black sow, weight about 150 or 175 pounds. Smooth crop in right and split in left ear. \$5 reward will be paid for recovery. Allen Bell.

#### NOTICE OF SALE.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage dated January 6th, 1908, executed by A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, partners trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro. to the Bank of Wayne, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, North Carolina, in Book 53, Pages 4 to 6, the indebtedness therein being due and unpaid, the undersigned will sell for cash by public auction at the plant of the said A. M. Calmes & Bro., situate in Brogden Township, Wayne County, North Carolina, on Saturday, April 17th, 1909, at 12 o'clock M., the property described in the said mortgage as follows, to wit:

One sorrel horse mule, one sorrel mare mule, six dark colored mare mules and two dark colored horse mules, same being all the mules now owned by the said A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, also six log wagons, two road wagons, two carts and harness, and all other harness for horses and mules owned by A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro., also six circular saws, three trucks, three boilers, two engines, one

#### OIL BARK BLOWS UP.

Twelve Men Killed in Marine Disaster at Marseilles.

Marseilles, April 1.—The French tank bark Jules Henry, Captain Escoffier, in the oil trade between Philadelphia and Certe, blew up this morning and was totally wrecked. Twelve members of her crew were killed and many others wounded.

A representative of the Veritas agency, accompanied by the second officer, was inspecting the vessel at the time she blew up. In the course of their work the two men entered the tank hold. Immediately after there was a tremendous explosion. The entire deck of the bark was lifted and the forward portion of the ship was wrenched off. Twenty men of the crew at work painting and repairing were blown into the air. Great sheets of fire shot up from the vessel and in a few seconds she was enveloped in flames.

Prompt aid came from neighboring ships in the harbor, but it was impossible for the small boats to get close into the burning vessel. Six burned and mutilated bodies have been recovered from the wreckage. A number of wounded men also have been brought ashore. Others still are missing and undoubtedly have perished. The second officer and the agency inspector were thrown high into the air by the force of the explosion. They are still alive, but are not expected to live.

The Jules Henry discharged her cargo at Certe and arrived here March 27 with her tanks empty for inspection. It is presumed that the oil fumes in the tanks exploded.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 1.—The crew of the French tank bark Jules Henry, which blew up this morning at Marseilles, are probably all Frenchmen.

#### Fatal Railroad Collision Today.

Chicago, April 2.—One man was instantly killed, two others badly injured, and scores of passengers badly shaken up in a smashup in the yards of the Illinois Central at Carbonville today when the Chicago and New Orleans Express crashed into a freight on the switch track, which had been left open.

sawmill, together with all fixtures of whatsoever nature or kind in any way appertaining to said sawmill, one dry kiln, together with all fixtures of whatsoever nature or kind in any way appertaining to same, one planer, two edgers, one trimmer, all tools, including blacksmith tools owned by the said A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro., all pulleys, hangers and other fixtures used in any way and owned by the said A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro., together with all belts, belting, and all other fixtures tools and all other personal property of whatsoever nature or kind owned and used by the said A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro., in any way connected with the engines, boilers, planers, or any other machinery used and owned by the said A. M. Calmes and G. G. Calmes, trading as A. M. Calmes & Bro.

This the 17th day of March 1909.

BANK OF WAYNE.

Mortgagee.

ROLEY SKIDNEY COOK  
Maken Kidney and Bladder Right

## COMING!

In all its mighty hugeness. South's city of white tents. Forming a grand spectacular array unequaled by any other Southern Show. Twice its former size.

### 8 Large Railroad Cars 8

This Mighty Monarch of the Show World.

In a Class All Its Own. \$1,000,000 Invested.  
200—People Employed—200 10 Cages of Animals—10

The Show That Never Broke a Promise



Everything New This Year!

—WILL APPEAR IN—

Goldsboro, Monday, April 12th.

2—PERFORMANCES DAILY—2  
Extraordinary Feature without a parallel.  
A Herd of Performing Elephants  
Positive greatest in the world

Free Outside Exhibition at Show Ground, Grand Golden Street  
Parade at noon.

## Not a Drop of Alcohol

What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your own doctor all about it. Never take a medicine doctors cannot endorse. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Without daily action of the bowels poisonous products must be absorbed. Then you have impure blood, biliousness, headache. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills for constipation.

## Get Well

If you are sick, you wish to get well, don't you? Of course you do. You wish to be rid of the pain and misery, and be happy again.

If your illness is caused by female trouble, you can quickly get the right remedy to get well. It's Cardui. This great medicine, for women, has relieved or cured thousands of ladies, suffering like you from some female trouble.

TAKE **CARDUI**

For Women's Ills

Mrs. Fannie Ellis, of Foster, Ark., suffered agony for seven years. Read her letter about Cardui. She writes: "I was sick for seven years with female trouble. Every month I would very nearly die with my head and back. I took 12 bottles of Cardui and was cured. Cardui is a God-send to suffering women." Try it.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

## Fertilizers

### Fertilizers

### Fertilizers

3000 Tons Prolific Cotton Grower,  
2000 Tons Farmers Favorite Fertilizers,

1000 Tons Carolina Golden Belt,  
2000 Tons Bull Head Tobacco Guano.

1000 Tons Carolina Cotton Guano,  
1000 Tons High Grade Truck Guano  
1000 Tons Eagle Island,  
1000 Tons Cotton Seed Meal,  
500 Tons Nitrate of Soda,  
300 Tons Muriate of Potash,  
300 Tons Sulphate of Potash.

It will pay you to see us before you buy.

**H. Weil & Bros.**

## For Health

For young and old its use is most delightful. AS A MUSCLE BUILDER IT HAS NO EQUAL

### The Home Exercising Machine

Will take the place of any \$15.00 machine. Our Price \$2.50.

### Cash Novelty and Book Store.

ADVERTISE IN THE ARGUS